

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. How chanceth the trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vnkle is King of Denmarke & those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, giue twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little: s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosophy could find it out. A Florish.

Guyl. There are the players

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to Elsonoure, your hands, come then th' apportioneance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the players, which I tell you must shewe fayrely outwards, should more appear like entertainement then yours? you are welcome, but my Vnkle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is southerly, I know a Hauke, from a hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Po!. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you Gyldesterne, & you to, are each eare a hearer, that great baby as you see is not yet out of his swadling cloures.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy that he comes to tell me of the players; marke it, you say right sir a Monday morning t'was then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tell you: when Rosseus was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz,

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall-Comicall, Historical-Pastorall, seeme indeuidable.

Prince of Desmarke.

Indeuidable, or Poem vnlimited. Seneca cannot bee too heauy, nor Plautus too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the onely men.

Ham. O Ieptha Judge of Israell, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which hee loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old Ieptha?

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will shewe you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, cou'nst thou to beard me in Dēmark? what my young lady and Mistris, by lady your ladisshipe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrent gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, wee ento't like friendly Faukners, flie at any thing wee see, wee haue a speech straite, come giue vs a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleaseid not the million, t'was cauiary to the general, but it was as I received it & others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no falsets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was Æneas talke to Dido, & there about of it especially when he speakes of Priams slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged Pyrrhus like Thircanian beast,

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